

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

MARIE HELENE GULBRANSON

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BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

MARIE HELENE GULBRANSEN



He Never Had Heard of a Bridge of Fish

Bumps And His Buddies

BY

MARIE HELENE GULBRANSEN
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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**BUMPS AND
THE MAGIC PURSE**

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

BUMPS AND THE MAGIC PURSE

Once there was a little boy named Bumps, a name he was given because of the many times he fell down, bumping his little legs and head. He was a roly-poly little chap, a bit too heavy for his height, and when he started off to work or play he was usually in such a hurry that he tumbled over. Now Bumps lived in a wee hut 'way off in the country, with his mother, who was quite poor. In the mornings he would hustle out to chop wood and gather wild berries for their breakfast, always wishing that he could find a pot of gold to make his mother rich and happy. Finally he decided to start out into the big world to seek his fortune, and while his mother hated to have her little son leave her, she felt sure he would be successful because he had always been such a good boy.

So one bright sunny morning Bumps, after kissing his mother goodbye, set out on his long

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journey with a rabbit's foot in his pocket for luck and only a little lunch to eat on the way. He walked for miles and miles in the direction of the city until his little legs grew very, very tired. So he sat down to rest and to eat his luncheon, only to find that he had devoured it, bit by bit, as he trudged along. It was getting toward the end of the afternoon when he suddenly saw a little brown rabbit with a white tail hopping along ahead of him. He longed for the big gun which he had left behind in the woodshed, for he knew that he must soon have more food and he thought the rabbit would make a good supper. But just then he spied a stone with which he thought he might kill Mr. Rabbit. Bumps threw the stone with all his might, just missing him by inches, and the rabbit, instead of running away, scampered right up to him, and sitting up straight, held out one little foot. Then it occurred to Bumps that here he was carrying a rabbit's foot for good luck, and yet he had tried to bring bad luck upon this poor little creature. With tears in his eyes he gathered the rabbit in his arms, calling him, "Dear little brown

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Bunny!" From that moment Bumps and the Bunny were the best of friends, and journeyed on together.

It was growing dusk by this time and Bumps was so hungry that he began hunting about in his pockets for crumbs of his luncheon. When the little brown Bunny saw him do this, and also saw that Bumps didn't find anything to eat in his pocket, he began running about, pausing every now and then to sniff the air with his little funny nose. At last he dashed off at a great pace, and Bumps saw him busily scratching and digging in the ground. When he caught up with him he saw that Bunny had uncovered a hidden basketful of the most delicious things to eat, which a picnic party had buried away in the cool, clean earth for another day's luncheon. Bumps and Bunny sat down under a tree for supper, and Bumps fed his little friend all the lettuce out of the sandwiches.

It was now quite dark and the two travelers felt very drowsy, so they curled up close to each other and fell sound asleep. Bumps was dreaming happily about his return home laden

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with riches, when he felt something nibbling at his ear, and awakened to find that Bunny was trying to tell him something. He couldn't make out what the little fellow was trying to say, until he heard a deep growl among the trees, and saw a big shadow in the moonlight. He was terribly frightened, but knew that the wisest thing to do was remain perfectly still. To his surprise, the Bunny scampered off right under the nose of an enormous bear, making all the noise he could in the dead leaves. Of course, the bear ran after him through the woods, which was exactly what clever Bunny had planned, while Bumps stayed just where he was, breathless with fright and excitement. There was a great crashing and a terrific growling, and then all was still! After a minute or two Bunny reappeared, tumbling tail over ears with laughter, and sitting up on his hind legs, motioned Bumps to follow him. The two set off together through the underbrush, and all the while the frightful growlings grew louder and louder, until they came to where they saw old Mr. Bear stuck tight in a hole in the ground, into which he had vainly tried to follow Bunny,

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who had cleverly led him in and then escaped through the hole's back door. Bumps and Bunny left the bear stuck securely in the ground, fairly growling his head off, and went back to sleep. Bumps felt fonder than ever of Bunny, for he felt that the little animal's quick wit and quick action had saved his life.

In the morning the two friends proceeded on their way, walking as fast as they could, for they were in great haste to make their fortunes. Occasionally they met a good farmer who gave them apples and cabbages to eat. They walked and walked all day long; sometimes Bunny ran ahead over the roofs of the hills, but he always returned to see if Bumps was following him. And all the time Bumps' little legs were growing stronger and stronger, so that he seldom fell and hardly felt tired at all, which made him very proud. Finally, Bunny vanished over the top of the very last, highest hill, and though Bumps looked and looked for him, he didn't come back. When Bumps caught up with him he found him sitting on the doorstep of a great river, wondering how they would ever get across. Alas! Poor Bumps himself

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could see no way to go on, and feared that they would have to turn back. While they stood sadly looking at the deep water as it went rushing by them, there was a great splashing and rippling all about, and hundreds of fish, of every kind and color in the whole world, poked their heads up above the surface, just exactly as if they were trying to tell the travelers something. Then Bumps and Bunny noticed that the fish were floating side by side, packed tightly together all the way across the river in a long, glistening silver bridge. Bumps had never heard of anyone crossing a river on a bridge of fish, but he stepped boldly out, with Bunny in his arms. And when he had safely reached the other side, without even so much as getting the soles of his feet damp, he thanked the fish for their kindness by digging hundreds of worms for them (with the help of Bunny's sharp little claws). As fast as they could dig they threw the worms into the river, and just as fast they disappeared into the fishes' mouths.

Then the two travelers resumed their journey, telling each other how fortunate they had been thus far. They went on and on, until

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Bumps thought they must be approaching the city. They were pushing their way through a little thicket—Bunny hurrying on ahead, as usual—when Bumps heard the hiss of a snake. He looked around quickly to see where it came from, and right in front of him on the ground he saw a poor little bird held spellbound by the glittering eye of an ugly snake, so frightened that it could neither move nor fly. Without stopping to think that the snake might injure him, Bumps seized a big stick and killed it. Instantly the poor little bird was transformed into a beautiful Fairy, not much bigger than a robin. She told Bumps that a cruel Witch had put an enchantment upon her, forcing her to live in the body of a helpless little bird, at the mercy of all the beasts of the forest, until she should be rescued by some kind person. The Fairy was so grateful to Bumps for her release that she made him a present of a beautiful purse, in which was just one shining gold coin. This was the first money Bumps had ever had for his very own and he felt that his good fortune was coming true at last. Thanking the Fairy politely, he skipped merrily on,

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overtaking Bunny, and soon the two friends were within sight of the big city.

* * * * *

The first person Bumps and Bunny met on their arrival in the city was a man selling ice cream, and although he hated to part with the gold piece, Bumps could not resist buying two fat cones. As they walked along eating them and gazing at all the wonderful things about them, Bumps' toes suddenly began to feel very cold. Glancing down he saw that some of the ice cream had dropped through a hole in his shoe, which was badly worn from the long journey. Right across the street there was a fine big shoe store, and as Bumps stood wishing he had a pair of handsome new shoes, imagine his delight and surprise at suddenly feeling the smooth, hard surface of another coin in the purse the Fairy had given him! At first he thought there might have been two gold-pieces in the purse when the Fairy gave it to him and he had been so stupid as to have only discovered one of them. But when, after paying for the shoes, he felt still another coin, he knew

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that he had been given a wonderful gift indeed, and that the purse was truly a magic one, which would never become empty.

It was now an easy matter for Bumps to buy all the pretty things he had planned to take back to his dear mother, of which there were so many that he had to buy a great balloon to which was fastened a basket big enough to hold everything. And Bumps and Bunny and all the gifts purchased with the Fairy's money sailed away in it, over the wide river and all the hills, until they came in sight of the little home. Bumps landed the balloon in his own front yard, and he and Bunny rushed in to tell his mother the story of his good fortune. She was delighted with all the presents he brought her, and because they were never able to empty the magic purse of its last shining gold-piece, Bumps and his mother always had everything they wanted, and lived happily together forever after!

THE VOYAGE
TO NO-SUCH LAND

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

Whoops and Putty-Nose were at the sea-side, playing on the shore of a beautiful, big blue bay—a bay which was really part of the big, beautiful blue ocean, where their father and mother had taken them for the summer. Whoops was a very pretty little girl with long yellow curls, and big brown eyes which were almost always wide open with surprise. She had been given her funny nickname because she always cried “Whoops!” when she saw anything that pleased her, and as almost everything pleased her she was crying “Whoops!” most of the time. Putty-Nose was her brother—a jolly, fat little fellow with a round face and a quaint snub nose in the exact middle of it so covered with big brown freckles it looked just like a lump of putty. Whoops and Putty-Nose had a very small tent, buckets, shovels, and a pop-gun, and had been playing that they were Robinson Crusoe and his good man Friday, cast away on a desert island. But after a while they got tired—it was hard work

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imagining oneself quite deserted when one could see home all the while! So they sat down by the water to rest and to think up some more interesting game.

All of a sudden Putty-Nose exclaimed, "Whoopsie! Look at that big, round, flat rock out in the water! Let's wade out to it and we can pretend its a really truly island!"

Whoops was always ready for fun, so they waded out, carrying all their playthings in their arms with them; they pitched their tent in the very middle of the rock, and there they were, really on an island, with water all around. It was ever so much cooler than on the beach, and much more exciting, so they sat down to enjoy life and plan what to do next. Whoops had just noticed that their rock was all marked out in a diamond pattern, something like a giant checkerboard, only not colored, when she felt it begin to move smoothly and slowly through the sparkling blue waters. Whoops "whooped" in her very best manner, crying out to her brother, "Hold on tight, Putty-Nose! Our island is swimming away with us!"

And sure enough, the island was moving



Our Island Is Swimming Away With Us

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

off to sea, making tiny ripples like those that follow in the wake of a boat. The children didn't know what to do; they had never heard of a swimming island, and they had just about decided to become very, very frightened indeed, when a big, long, ugly head lifted itself up over the western shore of the island, turned, and looked back at them. It was exactly like the head of a turtle they had once seen, only a great many times larger, and although it was quite hideously ugly, it had a kindly humorous expression around its mouth and a merry twinkle in its eye.

"I'm Old Flipperoo, the sea-turtle," it said by way of polite introduction, "and I'm perfectly harmless, so you mustn't be afraid. You can stay on my back and I'll carry you across the ocean to a place I know, and show you all the queer and wonderful things that grow there. Then I'll bring you back safe and sound in time for supper. How does that sound?"

Now of course, Whoops and Putty-Nose said it was the one thing they wanted to do most of all, so Old Flipperoo tucked his head away out of sight again and set himself to

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paddling away at a great rate. The mariners were soon so far out to sea that they could no longer see land, and when they passed close by the great sea-going vessels and trans-oceanic liners, all the people on their decks ran to the rail to look at the queer flat boat and its very youthful passengers. Everybody waved and called greetings to the children, and the children waved back, and shouted "Ship ahoy!" which they knew was the polite thing to do.

After a long, long voyage they sighted a land almost completely covered with the queerest looking trees. Flipperoo swam into a quiet bay and waddled right up on the sand, so that Whoops and Putty-Nose were able to step ashore without even wetting their feet. "I'll lie here in the sun and take a nap," said the turtle, "and you children start off on a journey of discovery. Nothing in this strange country will hurt you, although you will be surprised at many of the things you will see. Only be sure to come back here to me when you hear the Tick-Tock bird calling, 'Five o'clock!', or we'll all be late for supper."

So Whoops and Putty-Nose left their won-

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

derful new friend dozing in the hot sand and set off, hand in hand, along the path which led up among the trees. Now they understood why the island had looked so funny when they were approaching in on the turtle's back, for all the trees grew upside-down, their roots in the air, and the figs, cocoanuts, and bananas on the ground, where they could easily be picked. They decided to gather some of the fruit on the way back to take home to their father and mother, and went on up the winding path. The air was full of Jujube and Lollypop birds, which flew ahead of them calling, "Whoops and Putty-Nose have come to visit us!"

All at once they came upon a colony of Chase-Tails, little striped animals with a very sweet tooth. Instead of regular tails they had sticks of peppermint candy, which they were forever chasing round and round, in order to satisfy their enormous appetites for candy. Each Chase-Tail was chasing his tail for dear life around a little bush, until every bush in sight had a Chase-Tail lying around it like a doughnut, holding its peppermint tail fast in

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its mouth, and nibbling away happily at the candy. Just as Whoops and Putty-Nose were wondering what would happen when the tails were all eaten up, the Whispering-Tell-Tale bird flew down and explained that new tails would grow by tea-time next Thursday. It was then only Monday, and the Chase-Tails had to make their peppermint candy tails last for four whole days, or go hungry.

Further on, in a cool little dell, they found the Ice Cream Soda plant in full bloom, covered with great white cup-shaped flowers, like Easter lilies. All you had to do was pick one of these flowers, wish very hard for your favorite flavor, and instantly it was full of cold, delicious ice cream soda. After sampling as many kinds as they could think of, Whoops and Putty-Nose continued their journey, and were just crossing a bridge over a tiny stream when they were brought to a standstill by a strange sound. It came from the water, and, on looking closer, the children discovered a school of Gurgling Gonces swimming in a quiet pool under the bridge. They ran down on the bank to see and get a closer look, and were amazed to find

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

that a Gurgling Gonce is exactly like a small, red rubber hot water bottle, and makes the same noise a water bottle does when shaken. Putty-Nose waded carefully into the stream and succeeded in catching one of the funny fish. It seemed not at all afraid—and very, very warm, and it had just one big, round eye in the end where the stopper of the water bottle would be. It looked so pleadingly into his face and seemed so helpless that Putty-Nose felt sorry for it and put it back in the water right away. “Gurgle-Gurgle,” said the grateful Gurgling Gonce, very politely, and swam off to join its brothers and sisters.

At last, just as Whoops and Putty-Nose were beginning to feel very hungry, they smelled a pleasant odor of cooking, and coming out into a little clearing in the woods where a fire was burning, they found dozens of chubby little Waffle-Wimps dancing hand in hand around it. The Waffle-Wimps were square and flat, with little square holes all over their plump little bodies. They kept dancing closer and closer to the flames until they grew crisp and brown and very hot. Then they all

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ran off sizzling and chuckling, each one crawling under a marvelously sweet Syrup-Bush, where he lay down on his back and let the bush drip delicious maple syrup on him until he was just prime for eating. The children ate all the Waffle-Wimps they could hold, then they said, "Thank You," to the ones they left behind, and went on.

They had a wonderful time getting acquainted with all the strange and marvelous creatures that lived on the island, but at last it began to get darker and cooler in the woods and they heard the Tick-Tock bird calling, "Five o'clock! Five o'clock!" so they ran back obediently to Old Flipperoo, who opened one eye at them sleepily and asked, "Did you see everything on the island?"

"Oh, yes! Everything! And we loved it!" cried the children. So Flipperoo promised to bring them again, and crawled lazily back into the water, preparatory to carrying them home. Whoops and Putty-Nose, who were very tired by this time, climbed on his back under their Robinson Crusoe tent and lay down. They fell fast asleep, and never woke up until

THE VOYAGE TO NO-SUCH LAND

they heard their mother calling to them from the shore. You can guess how surprised she was to see them come sailing home on Old Flipperoo's back, and to hear all about the delights and wonders of their voyage to No-Such Land.

SQUEEDINKS AND
THE COD LIVER OIL

SQUEEDINKS AND THE COD LIVER OIL

His real name was Ferdinand Maxwell Higginson, but his friend Mops, the hired man, always called him Squeedinks—and as we are all going to be his friends—we may as well call him Squeedinks, too. He lived with his aunt in a pretty little house 'way out in the country, set between rolling green fields and a large forest. Squeedinks used to read all sorts of books, but he liked stories about animals best of all. When he grew tired of reading he would go out into the forest and watch the squirrels frisking about among the old trees. He noticed that most of the squirrels lived in holes in the big oaks, and he was extremely anxious to get a look into the holes and see just how squirrels behaved when they were at home.

After a great many unsuccessful attempts, Squeedinks at last succeeded in climbing part way up a big oak tree. He couldn't get quite as far up as the little round holes where he saw his furry friends darting in and out, but

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he was delighted to find one hole, low down on the trunk, which was just big enough for him to squeeze into. You see, he was just a small little boy. Every day, after that, Squeedinks climbed up to his lookout, which he christened the "Crow's Nest," and sat there with just his head peeping out, watching the antics of the squirrels.

The squirrels would dash past Squeedinks, chattering as if they were trying to tell him something, and then scamper off home with a great clatter and racket, looking down at the little boy with their big, bright eyes. Squeedinks always brought something for the squirrels to eat, and it wasn't long before they grew quite friendly. He invented names for the ones he knew best, and tried hard to teach them to answer when he called.

One day Squeedinks heard his aunt talking to the Doctor about him. She was worried because he was so small, and the Doctor said that he ought to take Cod Liver Oil to make him grow. So that afternoon his aunt sent him down to the village to buy a bottle. On the way back from the village he came through



I Never Did Think This Tree Was Big Enough

SQUEEDINKS & THE COD LIVER OIL

the forest, and decided he would climb up into the Crow's Nest for a while. He placed the bottle of Cod Liver Oil carefully on the ground, and was soon tucked 'way up among the leaves in his favorite lookout. As he sat there, Squeedinks thought about the Cod Liver Oil, and began to wonder if it would make other things grow as well as little boys. He leaned out of the hole to see if the bottle was safe, and what do you think he saw? A funny little brown man, not much taller than Squeedinks' fox-terrior, Snarlyrow, was looking at the bottle! Squeedinks heard him say to himself, "H'm! Cod Liver Oil, eh? Well, I never did think this tree was quite big enough for its age!" And with that, he uncorked the bottle, poured its contents on the roots of the tree, and disappeared into the depths of the forest whistling a funny tune.

Squeedinks was thinking that that was a very strange thing to do, when he began to feel rather queer. He felt as if he were going up in an elevator, and the hole he was wedged into grew larger and larger until it was as big as a little room. He poked out his head

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and looked down, and found that he could see nothing but the green tops of the other trees, far, far below him. What *could* be happening? He knew! His tree was starting to grow—the Cod Liver Oil had begun to work! The tree grew so fast that in a few minutes he could scarcely see the forest, or the roof of his home nearby. The leaves of his tree grew as big as bed quilts, and all the squirrel holes were large enough for a small boy to live in.

It all seemed just like a fairy tale, and Squeedinks became wildly excited. He could now stand erect and walk about inside the Crow's Nest, and just here he noticed that the big tree had a hollow center, and that this hollow ran all the way up, just like a chimney. He started to climb up the inside of the tree, and quite unexpectedly found himself in the front parlor of old Umbrella-Tail, a big gray squirrel. All the squirrels were just as amazed as Squeedinks at finding their homes grown suddenly large and roomy, and they were all chattering excitedly together. Squeedinks was greatly surprised to find that he could understand everything the squirrels said. Mrs.

SQUEEDINKS & THE COD LIVER OIL

Umbrella-Tail was saying, "Well! If you expect me to keep house in *this* enormous place you'll just have to get little Nutty Red squirrel for a servant! And that's that!" Then they all saw Squeedinks, and asked him how he had got there. When he told them, they said that *they* had always used the inside of the tree for a stairway, but it had never before been big enough for a boy to get through, and they had felt safe from molestation. Squeedinks assured them that he loved squirrels and, indeed, all the animals that lived in the woods, and wouldn't hurt them for the world. And now he only wanted to get down and go home, for it was getting dark.

Old Umbrella-Tail said he would show him the way, and started down inside the hollow tree. Squeedinks followed more slowly, for it was as black as ink in there. Finally they discovered they couldn't go any farther, and then found they were inside of one of the tree's great roots, way down under the ground. Then Squeedinks despaired of ever seeing his home again, but Umbrella-Tail nosed about and discovered an opening in the end of the

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root, through which they could see a dark tunnel leading away through the moist earth. But they were afraid to follow it for they didn't know where it led, and were just about to turn back in despair, when they heard something thumping along with dull, rhythmic bumps. It turned out to be old Grandfather Mole, who lived down there. He was quite blind, and had to walk with a cane, but his front feet were big and strong, with sharp little claws to help him dig his tunnels here and there and everywhere under the ground. When Grandfather Mole learned that Umbrella-Tail was trying to get Squeedinks home in time for supper, he turned slowly around in his tunnel, handed the little boy a flashlight out of his vest pocket, and called out in a deep bass voice that sounded very much as if the damp earth had given him chronic bronchitis, "Follow me!" So Squeedinks bade Umbrella-Tail good-bye, and started to wriggle along the tunnel on his stomach behind Grandfather Mole. In a marvelously short time they came out into the air, and Squeedinks was delighted to find himself at home underneath his own

SQUEEDINKS & THE COD LIVER OIL

front porch. He thanked Grandfather Mole politely for leading him safely home, and watched the old fellow disappear down his tunnel again. Then Squeedinks ran into the house and told his aunt all that had happened to him, and what strange things the Cod Liver Oil had accomplished.

TOM
NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM-
NOW-YOU-DON'T

TOM NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM-NOW-YOU-DON'T

It was a cold, snowy day just before the Christmas holidays, and little Tom was standing near one of the shop windows, gazing longingly in at the beautiful gay toys. He was wondering whether he would find the wonderful red sled, shining skates and bright, brisk-looking wagon under *his* tree on Christmas morning, or if Santa Claus would hold it against him that he had been naughty in refusing, at first, to take his cough medicine, and pass him by without leaving him any gifts at all. Of course, he had taken the medicine later, when his mother had insisted. But he had heard that Santa Claus sometimes punished children when they refused to obey promptly.

While he was pondering over this, selecting the gifts he would like best and hoping to be forgiven for his naughtiness, a huge snowball sang by his head and crashed through the great glass window. He turned quickly, in time to see his playmate, Teddy, disappear around the corner. Just then he felt strong hands grasp

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his coat collar roughly and heard an angry policeman exclaim, "That's the time I caught you!"

Poor Tom! He knew that Teddy had thrown the snowball, but he didn't want to be a tattle-tale, so he allowed himself to be hauled away to the nearest jail. He was thrust into a dark cell, not much larger than a clothes closet, where he trembled with the cold and dampness, utterly heart-broken over his sad plight. Trying to be brave, he forced back the tears, and settled down to wait until his father should come to his rescue.

Suddenly he saw a great cloud of smoke rising from one corner of his cell. It circled 'round and 'round until it disappeared into thin air, leaving behind a tiny brown elf, who stood blinking knowingly at him and nodding his head like a wise little old man. Now Tom had often heard of goblins and fairies and wished that he might know them, so he smiled at his little visitor, told him how glad he was to see him and began to relate to him the story of his misfortune. "Yes, Tom," said the little elf, "I know all about your troubles, and

TOM NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM

because you have been a good, honest lad I am willing to grant any wish you may make." This was jolly good luck for Tom, and he laughed to think how worried he had been a few short moments ago, and how the little brown elf had transformed all his sorrow into wonderful joy.

"O dear Mr. Fairy, what I want most of all in the world is the power to become invisible," cried Tom. "I have always wished that I could make myself invisible whenever I wanted to do so."

Now the little brown elf thought this a most unusual wish, but he told Tom he would grant it for one day, and instantly Tom felt a sudden gust of air and found himself entirely alone. Just then he heard the turnkey coming with his bread and water and he hurriedly wished himself invisible, and when the door was opened he walked right out of his cell between the big man's bow legs! He chuckled in glee to himself when he saw the turnkey looking all about for him, not being able to find him anywhere, and then he set about finding his way to the street.

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

On his way home Tom passed a lake that the frost had converted into a solid sheet of gleaming ice, where all the boys and girls were skating. He spied a pair of skates lying on the bank, and quick as a thought, he had them on his feet and had darted off across the ice. There were loud shouts of surprise from everyone, and he saw all the boys and girls looking after him in amazement. Of course, all *they* could see was the skates, which they thought must have been bewitched to go skating off by themselves. A dozen boys set out in pursuit of them, and Tom quite enjoyed the sport of eluding them. Teddy, who was in the crowd, almost caught up with him, but, hearing a voice that seemed to come from the skates themselves, saying, "You *know* you broke the window!" he became so frightened that he stumbled and fell, slithered over the thin ice around a "Danger" sign, broke through and plunged headlong into the cold water.

Before the other boys and girls could reach him, Invisible Tom had pulled him out. When Teddy felt hands helping him out but could see no one, he cried aloud in fear, but Tom



All They Could See Was the Skates

TOM NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM

just chuckled to himself and glided off, quite satisfied with his first adventure. By this time he was tired of skating, so, leaving the skates where he had found them, he went merrily and invisibly on his way.

A poor little homeless dog whose leg had been injured by a passing truck was limping painfully along ahead of Tom, and at last tumbled into a pathetic little heap, unable to drag himself further. A rough boy, whom Tom did not know, came by just at that moment and began tormenting the poor little animal. 'Twas then Tom thought he could have some fun by befriending the dog and playing a trick on the boy. So he dashed over, picked the dog up in his invisible arms, and carried him safely down the street. When he looked back and saw the boy standing with his mouth wide open in amazement at seeing a dog floating away in the air, he laughed aloud. This was indeed great fun! Tom went out of his way to pass the Dog Hospital, where he dropped his little charge carefully in through an open window just high enough from the ground for him to reach.

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

Then Tom went on his invisible way. Soon he arrived in front of Betty Brown's house, where he heard sounds of laughter and music, reminding him that she was giving a party and that he had been invited. He looked down at himself. He had on his oldest suit, and he knew he hadn't time to go home to dress, so he decided to attend the party as Invisible Tom. The guests were just eating ice cream and cake as Tom entered and he watched until he saw the maid put down a big plate of chocolate ice cream in front of Billy Bon. Before Billy had a chance to notice it, Tom reached out and snatched the dish, vanishing with it behind the piano. Betty's mother, the hostess, was surprised to find that Billy had no ice cream, and brought him another plate, but Tom had eaten the first one quickly, and was already standing invisible beside Billy's chair, waiting to play the trick again. This practical joke was repeated several times, and poor Billy might have gone ice cream-less if Tom had not reached the very limit of his capacity at last.

During the games which followed refreshments, Tom played many pranks on his little

TOM NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM

friends and then, politely saying good-bye to Betty, who started at hearing a voice when she couldn't see anyone near, he skipped out the door.

As it was now getting late, Tom knew he had better hurry on home. He had enjoyed being invisible so much that he decided to remain that way as a surprise for his Mother and Daddy. Upon reaching the house he saw an enormous airplane, which had landed in a field near his home and which was about to take flight. Tom saw that it was piloted by a famous aviator of whom he had often heard his father talk, and he could not resist the temptation of climbing invisibly in beside him. Instantly there was a great roar, and they were off up into the clouds, with Tom leaning over the side of the plane to see the cities below, which looked very tiny and very far away. This was the greatest experience that Tom had ever had, and in his excitement he forgot that the aviator couldn't see him, and shouted in his ear, "Let's go call on the Man in the Moon!" This startled the aviator so that he lost control of the plane, which shot toward

TOM NOW-YOU-SEE-HIM

earth, twisting and turning in its terrible fall.

Over and over it went, with Tom clinging to his seat with all his might, when all of a sudden he lost his grip, and the next thing he knew he had landed flop! in the middle of a big, soft snowbank. A kindly old farmer who was traveling along on the road nearby, hurried to him, picked him up and offered to take him home in his mulecart.

“O what a day!” thought Tom, and in his heart he thanked the little elf for all his thrilling adventures.

COLETTE,
THE LITTLE DANCING GIRL

COLETTE, THE LITTLE DANCING GIRL

Far away in a distant city where all the people love music and dancing, there was a hurdy-gurdy man whom all the children knew as Uncle Antoine. Uncle Antoine had a pet monkey called Monko, who went with him every day on his round of music-making. One day, when the sun was shining brightly, they chanced upon a pretty little blue-eyed girl with golden curls, who was sitting on a doorstep weeping. When Uncle Antoine asked her why she was crying so bitterly, she replied that she was all alone in the world and had no place to live. Poor Uncle Antoine had a great, big heart and he felt very sorry for her, so he told her that he would be her uncle and that she might join him and Monko.

Now Colette, for that was the little girl's name, was as good as she was pretty, and when she found someone to love her and look after her, she proceeded to dance for joy. A crowd soon gathered, and everyone was so enchanted with the music and the dancing that they

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threw shining heaps of gold pennies into Monko's cup. At the end of the day they had collected more gold pennies than Uncle Antoine had ever seen in his life before, and the three partners dreamed dreams of a beautiful future, where pennies would be so plentiful that they could afford to buy a nice little house of their very own and live happily ever after.

So each night found Uncle Antoine, Colette, and Monko 'way off in the country falling asleep under some nice big tree, tired but happy in their dreams of the future. And every morning they were awakened by little leaves fluttering down upon their faces, and by the chirping of the tiny birds above them. One day Colette suggested going to the Zoo to entertain the people who were watching the animals, and since Uncle Antoine and Monko were always ready to please her, they hurried across the city, pushing the big hurdy-gurdy before them.

When they arrived at the Zoo they found that great crowds were there before them, and when Uncle Antoine started to play and Colette to dance, not only did the boys and girls and



Only a Tiny Bunch of Whiskers Remained

COLETTE, LITTLE DANCING GIRL

grown-ups turn to look and listen, but all the animals began to cut capers. The monkeys started to two-step, and one old Grandfather Ape did a loop-the-loop of joy. Old Leo Lion whistled the *Star Spangled Banner* and the big clumsy elephants sang *Yankee Doodle* all at the same time; old Uncle Hippopotamus humped about his cage, trying his best to waltz.

Little Colette danced as she had never danced before, with her lovely golden curls flying in the breeze. Monko dashed around through the crowd at a great rate, not knowing what to make of the heavy silver dollars that rattled merrily in his cup, taking the places of the usual pennies. He emptied his cup so often at Uncle Antoine's feet that very soon the hurdy-gurdy was surrounded by enormous piles of gleaming silver dollars and when it was dark, and all the people had hurried home to their dinners, laughing and chattering about their wonderful afternoon, Uncle Antoine, Colette, and Monko were left behind with so much money that they had to borrow an elephant from the Keeper of the Zoo, strap

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a trunk on his broad back, and carry it all away.

At last their dreams of wealth had come true, and they set out in search of a little house. They found a dear little vine-covered cottage surrounded by shrubs and kindly trees like the ones that had sheltered them in their poverty. Colette had lots of fun making curtains and preparing dinner for Uncle Antoine and Monko, but the three friends missed their old life. They missed it so sadly that at last they decided that they would be happier if they were still giving happiness to others, so they began a round of visits to the orphan asylums and the hospitals, and played and danced for the poor little children and the sick and distressed.

One day while Colette was busily planting seeds in her tiny garden, Prince Charming rode by that way on his splendid white horse, and he was so struck with her beauty and goodness that he asked her to marry him on the spot and become the Princess of his marvelous castle.

Now Prince Charming was a wonderful

COLETTE, LITTLE DANCING GIRL

Prince and Colette loved him, but she couldn't bear to leave her good Uncle Antoine and Monko, who had befriended her when she was sad and lonely. So she shook her head and told the Prince that she must remain in the cottage and watch over her family. Whereupon the Prince laughed, and replied that his palace was large enough for fifty families, and that he would love hers as she did and look after them always. And so there was a big wedding, with Colette the most beautiful little bride in all the world, dressed in glistening white satin and creamy lace and carrying a huge bouquet of the most exquisite flowers. And Prince Charming was the handsomest groom imaginable, in his uniform of gold and white. Then, as soon as the ceremony was over, Colette, Uncle Antoine and Monko all moved into the Prince's castle. It was a big, white castle, built entirely of gleaming marble, with fountains of diamonds and rubies playing in the midst of gardens of rare flowers and trees so large that they reached right up into the sky.

Uncle Antoine was the proudest and happiest man alive, for the Prince had given him

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a brand new hurdy-gurdy which played every tune that had ever been composed, and had brought tears of joy into the old man's eyes by telling him that he might spend all his time in the garden, playing his music, watching the flowers, and listening to the birds, of which there were millions, so tame that they would sing any song you requested of them, and perch on your hand to be fed. Monko was given all the peanuts he could possibly eat, a whole grove of cocoanut trees, and best of all, a kiddy-car on which he could ride all over the grounds.

In the midst of all this glory they lived very happily until Uncle Antoine grew to be an old, old man, and Monko acquired a long, white beard, which trailed behind him for some three blocks. In fact, his beard was so very long that when he went out walking with the Princess Colette it looked like the train of her gown. One day, when Uncle Antoine and the Prince and Princess were all sitting out in the garden listening to a large black crow singing *Mammy's Little Coal-Black Rcse*, they heard cries of anguish from high up among the trees. They discovered that Monko's

COLETTE, LITTLE DANCING GIRL

beard had become twisted around a tree trunk, and that in trying to scramble down he had jerked so hard that he had pulled out all but a tiny little bunch of white whiskers. Poor, poor Monko! He was terribly distressed, until Colette assured him that his beard would grow again, or, if it did not, she would paste the old one on with molasses and he would be as handsome as ever.

So you see, because little Colette and Uncle Antoine and Monko had always done their very best to make everyone about them as happy as they could, they were allowed to spend the rest of their days in the beautiful palace with the good Prince.

**JERRY AND
THE WISHING-RING**

JERRY AND THE WISHING-RING

Jerry was a handsome little boy, and had just celebrated his fifth birthday. His Uncle Jack, who was a Naval Officer on one of Uncle Sam's battleships, was expected home from a trip around the world, and Jerry was so thrilled and excited that he could scarcely wait for the actual time to arrive. He remembered sitting on his Uncle Jack's knee when he was a wee little chap, listening to stories of the sea, and he had not forgotten his Uncle's promise to take him on a voyage when he was five years old. And then one day he heard the old familiar whistle sounding on the garden walk and, sure enough, there was his big Uncle looking brown and strong, greeting them all with smiles and kisses. He was to be home for just one day, but that was time enough to have Jerry fitted out with a smart sailor suit and made ready to take the next trip with him. Jerry had never known so much excitement, and when he bade good-bye to his mother and daddy and went aboard the battleship there was

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not a prouder or happier boy in the whole world.

It didn't take him long to make friends with the men aboard, and to learn about the big guns and all the other fascinating things. There was one huge sailor named Jim Seaweed to whom Jerry was devoted because he was not only the best boxer but the strongest man on the ship. On the second day, when they were far out at sea, Jerry came on deck just in time to see old Billy Goat, who belonged to his friend Jim and was also the ship's mascot, thrown from his feet by the lurching of the vessel, and start sliding toward the rail, overboard. Jerry dashed across the deck in a great hurry, seized old Billy by his horns, braced his feet against the rail and held him firmly until some sailors came to their rescue. Jim Seaweed was immediately informed of Jerry's deed and quick wit, and was so grateful to him for saving his pet that he gave Jerry a wonderful ring which had been a gift to him from a Persian king. He explained that it was a wishing ring, with the wonderful power to bring true your every wish.

JERRY AND THE WISHING-RING

Soon the ship was sailing far away through tropical waters, and Uncle Jack gave orders to anchor. In the distance they could see a group of little islands set like tiny jewels in the blue sea, and a party of sailors got permission to take Jerry and go ashore in a small boat, to explore. When they landed they found quantities of tropical fruits and birds, but no signs of human life. Tired of the company of the others, Jerry set off by himself through a wooded stretch, and had gone some distance when he suddenly beheld a beautiful little girl standing in the doorway of a tiny hut. Her clothes were tattered and torn, but her hair was the color of spun gold and her eyes were the loveliest he had ever seen. She smiled at Jerry and told him her name was Pam, and that she had been shipwrecked and cast ashore on this deserted island.

It was then Jerry thought of the wishing-ring on his finger, so taking hold of it he said, "Wishing-ring! Wishing-ring! Please dress Pam in the clothes of a princess and change her hut into a lovely palace!"

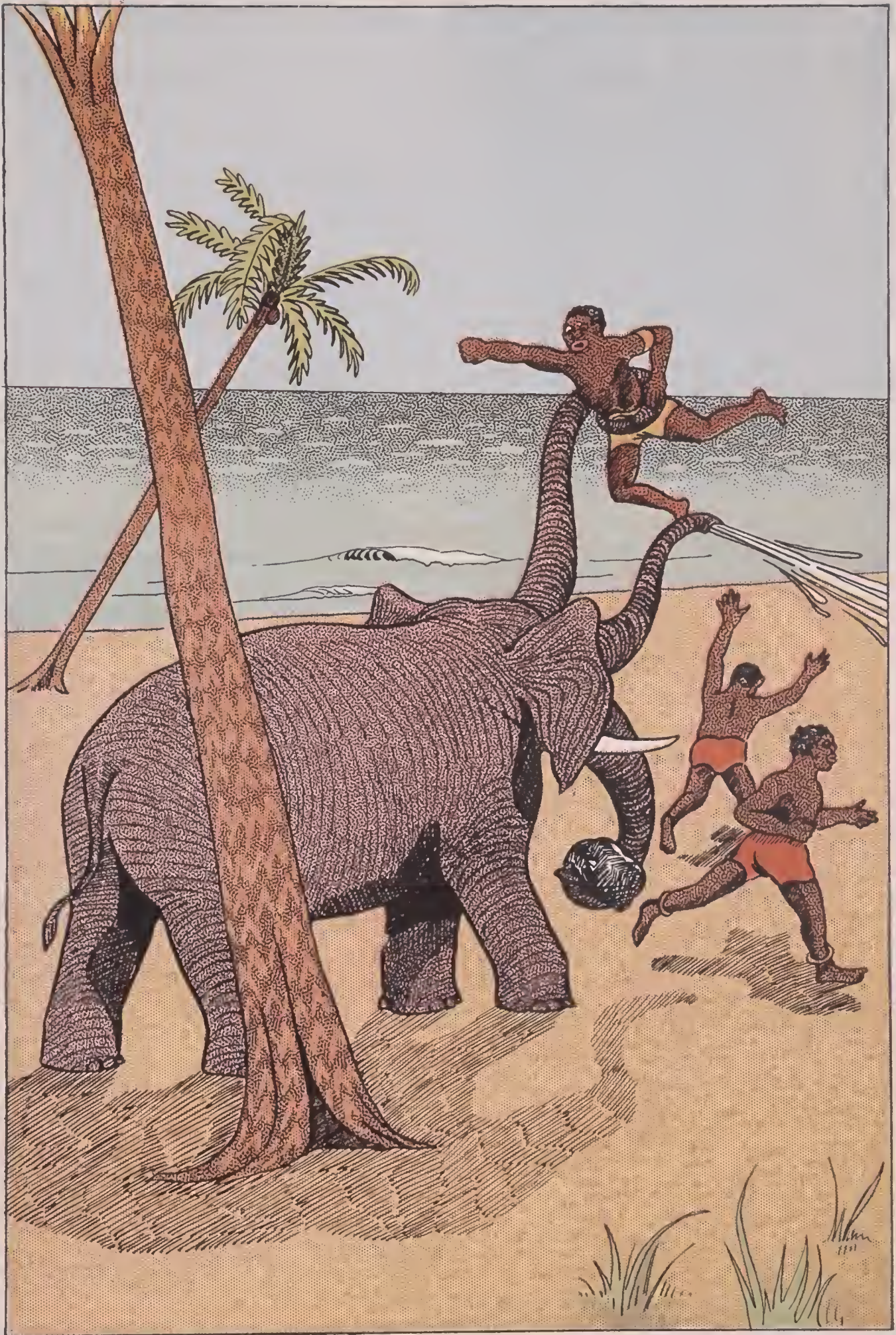
It was no sooner said than done, and both

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

children danced for joy at the transformation. Pam's clothes were of silk and lace, and the palace was of white marble, complete with everything the heart could wish. Then it was that Jerry learned that Pam was indeed a real princess, who had been taking a trip with her governess when they were shipwrecked, and that her father and mother believed she had drowned.

By this time the sailors had joined them, and stood blinking their eyes in astonishment at the wonderful sight. Jerry told them that he liked the island and intended to remain there for a while. He sent word back to Uncle Jack on the ship that they should sail without him, as the wishing-ring would take good care of him.

Pam and Jerry waved good-bye to the big ship as it sailed away, and then turned about to make a complete tour of their island home. It was indeed an island of wonders, full of strange and wonderful beasts and flowers and fruits. They tied knots in the giraffes' necks, and taught the ostriches to prance around the



The Savages Ran in Terror

JERRY AND THE WISHING-RING

island drawing the beautiful chariot which the good old wishing-ring had brought them.

One day when Jerry was up in the tower of the palace looking out over the ocean he heard Pam calling, "Jerry! Jerry! Come quickly and save me! Some savages have just landed on our island!"

Jerry was down in a jiffy, to find that their castle was being besieged by a band of cannibals from a nearby island. Thinking fast, he wished on his ring that he might be turned into an enormous elephant with three long trunks. Instantly, his wish was granted, and the savages ran for their canoes in terror as they saw this terrible animal charging at them, shooting streams of water in their faces from one trunk, followed by clouds of sand from the second trunk, and succeeded by mammoth rocks from the third. All this was great fun for our two little friends, and when Jerry changed back into himself, he and Pam laughed with glee to think of how easily they had routed the enemy.

They lived a life of perfect happiness on their island, until Pam began to show signs

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

of homesickness for her father and mother, and then Jerry decided to take her back home. They discussed ways and means, and at last agreed that an airplane would be the best thing to wish for. Jerry had traveled over land and sea but until now he had never flown through the air. When his wish for the airplane had been granted and they were about to set forth on their journey to the kingdom of Pam's father, there were tears in their eyes at the thought of leaving their fairyland.

It didn't take them long to reach Pam's home, and when they landed the people went crazy with joy at seeing their own little lost Princess again. There was a great celebration in honor of her safe return, and the King and Queen were so grateful to Jerry for bringing back their daughter that they made him a Prince. Then Jerry wished hard for his own father and mother, who instantly appeared and lived with him in his kingdom until he grew to be a man.

In time he married the Princess Pam, and they decided that they would be happiest back on their dear little island. So they sailed back

JERRY AND THE WISHING-RING

in a big ship with scores of their friends, and there they reigned as King and Queen, living happily for the rest of their lives.

PATSY ANN
IN BIRDLAND

PATSY ANN IN BIRDLAND

Patsy Ann was a quiet child, who never romped with other children, but loved to roam around her own garden looking at the flowers and birds. Even as a tiny child, her nurse had noticed how readily she made friends with the little robins and bluebirds that lived in their beautiful gardens in the spring and summer. At the age of seven Patsy Ann had lost none of her fondness for birds. She spent hours going about with crumbs, calling to them in her sweet little voice, and smiling with happiness when they fluttered down to eat out of her hand. *She* never found it necessary to carry salt to sprinkle on their tails in order to catch them, but was so gentle and kind that the birds were always glad to fly to her.

One day, when Patsy Ann was out walking with her nurse, they passed by a dense forest. Her nurse explained that it was supposed to be enchanted, because of strange sounds that could be heard coming from its depths, and that no one ever walked through it. The bright

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eyes of little Patsy Ann grew big with wonder as she listened, and when Nursie stopped to chat with a friend she stood staring curiously in among the big trees. Then Nursie started off down the road, thinking Patsy Ann was walking by her side. After a while she turned to speak to the child and lo! she was nowhere to be found. The poor nurse was frightened, and started frantically to call, "Patsy Ann! Patsy Ann!"

All this time Patsy Ann had been standing just where Nursie had left her, staring into the forest. Hearing her name called, she turned to look for Nurse, but could see her nowhere. The cries of "Patsy Ann" grew louder, and seemed to be issuing from the very heart of the woods. "O what fun!" she thought, "Nursie has gone into the forest, and now I can follow her!"

As she went up the path between the big trees the calls of "Patsy Ann" came nearer and nearer, and she was thinking that her nurse must be close by, when she came upon an enormous, brilliantly-colored parrot, and she burst into laughter as she realized that it was the big



A Queer Bird Flew Close to Patsy Ann

PATSY ANN IN BIRDLAND

bird that had been calling her. "O Polly!" said Patsy Ann, "have you seen my nurse? I thought it was she who was calling me!"

The parrot had heard the calls of the nurse, and had been mimicking them, so he only blinked very wisely and told Patsy Ann that her nurse was searching for her, up and down the road, very much worried because she could not find her. He went on to say, "Of course, you must obey your nurse, but I know you love birds, and this forest is full of the strangest ones you ever saw. We can send a note to Nursie by the Carrier Pigeon, asking her please to wait while I show you Birdland."

Patsy Ann was delighted with this idea, and she watched the parrot, fascinated, as he picked up a large, dry leaf and whistled for the Fountain Pen Bird. A little black bird with a shiny gold bill appeared instantly, and flew right into her hand. The parrot told her to hold him just like a fountain pen and write on the leaf with his bill. She thought this very funny, but did exactly as she was told, and sure enough, she was able to write with him just as if she was sitting at home at her own little desk. In

BUMPS AND HIS BUDDIES

a few minutes she was watching the Carrier Pigeon fly away to Nursie with the note wrapped around his leg.

Patsy Ann and the parrot then started off to see the sights. First they came to an enormous tree and the parrot asked Patsy Ann if she could see anything in it. When she answered, "No, Polly," he handed her a pair of amber glasses to put on, and immediately the tree appeared full of Fluttering Kafouts, which, he explained, were quite colorless and invisible to the naked eye. Then they passed over a brook where a Submarine Bird was just about to submerge, but when he saw Patsy Ann he said, "I know what you'd like!" and dove 'way down into the clear water, coming up with a bright red balloon in his beak, which he gave to her.

Just then she heard someone calling, "Cream of Wheat! Cream of Wheat!" and wondered whatever it could be. Polly told her it was the Breakfast Bird, who would not only bring you Cream of Wheat, but eggs in every style. If you whistled once you got a soft-boiled egg, if you whistled twice you got a hard-boiled egg,

PATSY ANN IN BIRDLAND

and if you turned a somersault he knew you wanted them scrambled. Patsy Ann was feeling a bit hungry, so she whistled twice, just to see if what Polly said would really happen. Sure enough—a queer-looking bird flew close to her and dropped a nice hard-boiled egg right into her outspread apron.

While she was walking along eating it, the parrot stopped to call her attention to a ragged little fellow, which he told her was the famous Early Bird. It was wearing an old, tattered overcoat with dozens of pockets, and every pocket was overflowing with worms. He was always the first bird up in the morning, and that was why he was able to catch so many worms.

Most of these birds were perfect strangers to Patsy Ann, and she was wondering what funny thing would happen next. It happened to be the Fizzwikle, who flew about her and made her very thirsty indeed by sounding his fizzy note, which was just like the noise made by a soda water fountain.

This was all very interesting, and Patsy Ann would have loved to spend the entire day

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among these strange creatures, but she knew she must hurry back to her nurse. The parrot said he would send her back by the Flivver Bird. He called "Taxi! Taxi!" just as loud as he could, and instantly there was a terrible rattle-te-banging in the air above them and the Flivver Bird landed in front of them. He was the biggest bird Patsy Ann had ever seen. His wings seemed to be made from pieces of old tin roofs, which rattled when he flew, and he had a terrible cough. The parrot helped her get onto the bird's back, and politely invited her to come again. They were off before she was able to thank him, and the ride through the woods was noisy and exciting. When they reached the road she slid off the bird's back and ran into her nurse's outstretched arms, pouring out the story of her wonderful visit to Birdland.

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